

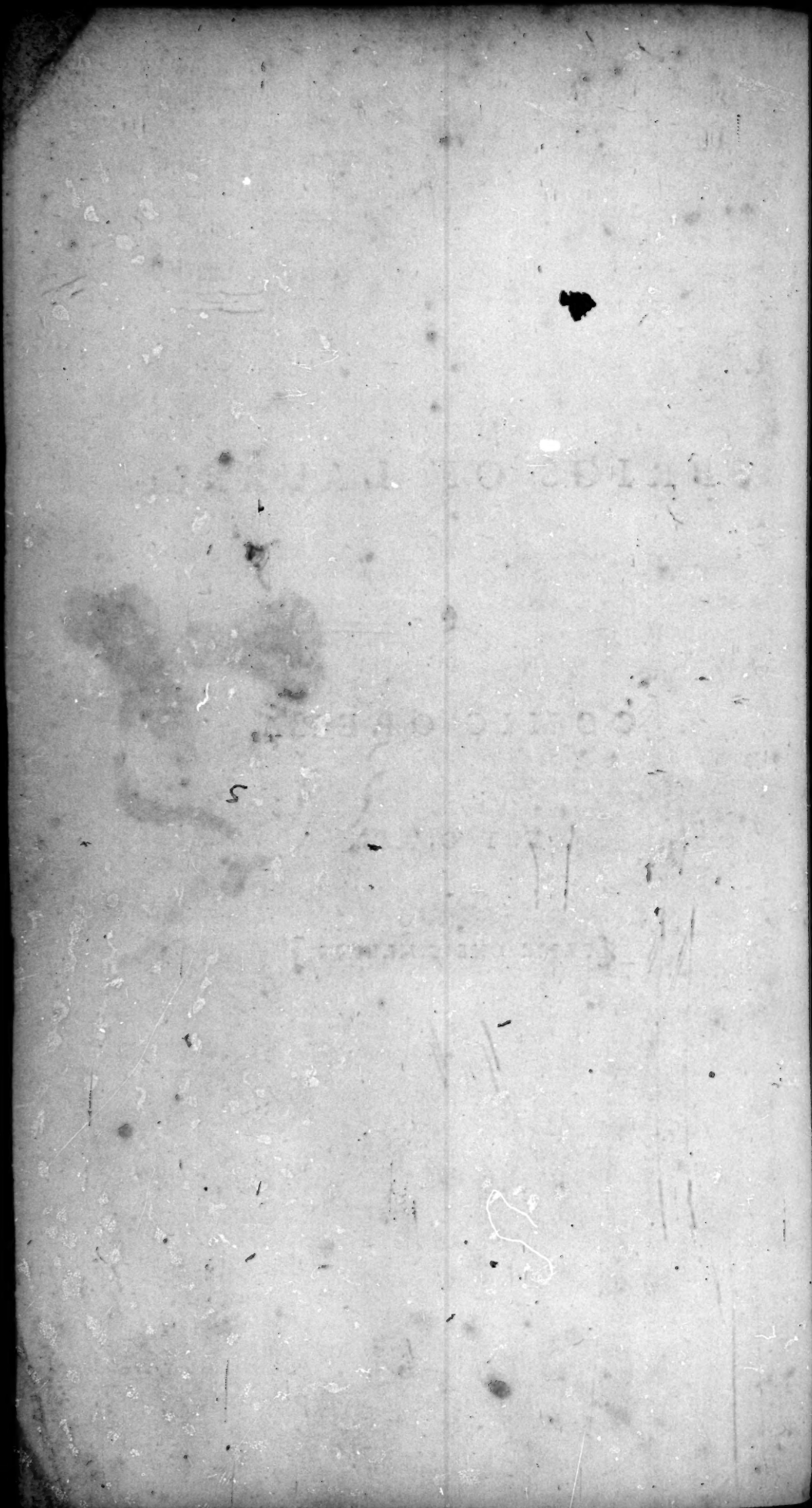
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SPRIGS OF LAUREL:

COMIC OPERA,

IN TWO ACTS.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]



SPRIGS OF LAUREL:

COMIC OPERA,

IN

TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED, WITH UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE, AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

Written by JOHN O'KEEFFEE,

Author of *Tony Lumpkin in Town*; *The Son in Law*; *The Agreeable Surprize*; *The Positive Man*; *The Castle of Andalusia*; *The Poor Soldier*; *The Beggar on Horseback*; *Fontainebleau, or Our Way in France*; *Peeping Tom*; *The Young Quaker*, a comedy in five acts; *The Toy, or Hampton Court Frolicks*, ditto; *Wild Oats, or The Strolling Gentleman*, ditto; *Modern Antiques, or The Merry Mourners*; *The Farmer*; *The Prisoner at Large*; *The Birth Day, or Prince of Arragon*; *Siege of Curzola*; *Little Hunchback*; *The Highland Reel*; *Love in a Camp, or Patrick in Prussia, &c. &c.*

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY G. WOODFALL,

FOR T. N. LONGMAN, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1796.

SPRINGS OF LARSEN

ACCOUNT OF THE

THE ARCADE-ROCK COAST-ROAD



D E D I C A T I O N.

To Her Most Excellent Majesty the QUEEN.

As a small tribute of congratulation on the patriotic ardor displayed by Her Majesty's Illustrious Son, His Royal Highness the Duke of York, and the early proofs he has given that a future career of glory will render him a brilliant example of military skill, bravery, and humanity to the British Troops, and their Leader the Defender of his Country.

This Opera is with all possible humility laid at her feet, by Her Majesty's faithful servant and

Dutiful Subject,

The AUTHOR.

April 6, 1793.

THE [illegible] OF [illegible]

BY [illegible]

LONDON: [illegible] 18[illegible]

PRINTED BY [illegible]

IN THE [illegible] OF [illegible]

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A CARD.

Mr. O'Keeffe owes his first Thought of writing this Piece, to a Circumstance he had heard of a Centinel quitting his Post, to follow the Detachment from the Guards when it embarked at Greenwich: But whether a Fact, or Fiction, he is happy if it has afforded any Pleasure from the Popularity of the Occasion, the sweet Melodies of Mr. Shield, and the zealous Exertion of the respective Performers.

Brompton, May 21, 1793.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CAPTAIN CRUIZER, - - *Mr. Powell.*
MAJOR TACTIC, - - - *Mr. Richardson.*
LENOX, - - - - *Mr. Johnstone.*
SINCLAIR, - - - *Mr. Inledon.*
GEORGE STREAMER, - - - *Mrs. Martyr.*
CORPORAL SQUIB, - - - *Mr. Haymes.*
NIPPERKIN, - - - - *Mr. Munden.*

MARY, - - - - - *Mrs. Clendining.*

OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, SAILORS, WOMEN, &c.



(SCENE—*St. James's Park, and Greenwich.*

SPRIGS OF LAUREL.

A

COMIC OPERA.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Chamber.*

Enter CAPTAIN CRUIZER, *and* NIPPERKIN.

CAPTAIN.

LEAVE my infant in a basket at a gentleman's door, you villain? when I ordered that your wife shou'd bring it up with care and tenderness.

Nip. Why, fir, when my wife said it was *my* infant, and woudn't take charge on't, what was a poor honest peace-loving husband to do?

Capt. Well; come, your intelligence?

Nip. The babe was taken in and christen'd Tommy Jones—the gentleman of the house intended to do well by't; but being given to play, died insolvent; his family went to ruin, and poor Tommy to the parish—the lazy overseer, farm'd the workhouse to the village butchers who, to feed his calves, starved the children;

B

here,

here, like a young negro, he got hard work, many blows, and no learning.

Capt. And from this misery, a charitable tradesman took him prentice.

Nip. Yes, sir; served out his time with honor; but his spirit too noble for a mechanic, he lifted, and is this moment a gentleman common-foldier in the foot-guards.

Capt. But how to find him out---?

Nip. That we're to find out---In my search I got acquainted with two honest foldier lads--Ned Lenox and Jack Sinclair, and they're to bring me among the rest---the serjeant major Tactic, that has got the pretty daughter, may know.---I'll run a hum upon him. (*aside*)

Capt. Nipperkin, you were my servant twenty years back; but since that you've been such a variety of rascal, there's no trusting you now.

Nip. I want no trust---give me a ready guinea.

Capt. To get drunk and neglect this business---no, discover my poor lost son, and you shall have a hundred, to settle you in a farm, firrah---John! (*calls.*)

Enter a servant with cane, hat and sword.

I must get off to Greenwich, ready to receive the Duke. (*going.*)

Nip. But, sir, I intend this evening visiting my old father at Chelsea---A little comfort for the honest soul ---(*holds out his hand.*)

Capt. Chelsea! oh, your father a pensioner! well, there (*gives money*) but use every endeavour to find the boy, mind. [*Exit.*]

Nip. You shall settle on me one hundred a year,

year, or find the boy yourself. Lucky, that still keeping an eye to the lad's progress through life, I've this pull upon my old master—Till he bids more I'll not bring father and son together—now got loose from my wife, I'll make a good use of my time—damme, since I'm come to London, I'll drink like a soul, and divert myself with the girls;—if not, I'd be a man in a thousand!

A I R.

NIPPERKIN.

I.

Shew me a Lawyer refusing a good fee,
 Or pious Dean not thinking of a Bishop's fee,
 A Doctor who won't squeeze sick Ladies by the hand,
 'Potticary whom his scrawl can well understand,
 Dancing-master object to dancing off with Miss,
 A Methodist Preacher, not in a corner kiss,
 Young Ensign not proud of his flashy large cockade,
 Or true British Tar, who of Frenchmen is afraid—
 Parliament Elector, who never sold his vote,
 Parliament Orator, who will not turn his coat,
 And that is a man in a thousand.

Tol lol de rol,

II.

Shew me a Right Honorable keeping to his word,
 Or a poor Poet patroniz'd by a Lord,
 An impudent Sharper cloathed all in rags,
 Or modest Genius counting o'er his money-bags,
 A Church-warden who scorns to feast upon the poor,
 Fat Alderman who cannot calipash endure,

A Groom

B 2

A Groom too honest to rob horses of their corn,
 Wife Cuckold who blushes to wear a gilded horn,
 Sportsman mind galloping over corn or stubble,
 Or Secretary of State take nothing for his trouble,
 And that is a man in a thousand.

Tol lol de rol.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

The Green Park.

Enter SINCLAIR.

Sinclair. Pleasant enough, on our march from Windfor, Lenox slipping a note into my hand, the instant I gave him one; but what says his. (*reads*) "Dear Sinclair, soon as off guard, walk " into the park, I want to speak with you on " particular business."—Almost the very words of mine to him; he's my friend; I'll ask his advice before I determine to marry Mary. Determine! oh, my heart!

AIR II.

SINCLAIR.

(*Shield.*)

When night, and left upon my guard,
 Nor whisp'ring breeze, nor leaf is heard,
 And stars between close branches peep,
 And birds are hush'd in downy sleep,
 My soul to softest thoughts resign'd,
 And lovely Mary, fills my mind.

At

A COMIC OPERA.

3

At every noise, for bluff "Who's there!"
I gently breathe, "is't thou, my fair?
Thy dying soldier haste and see,
Oh come, *sweet Mary*, come to me."

As on my post, thro' blaze of day,
The wretched, happy, sad and gay
In quick succession move along,
I see, nor hear the passing throng;
My soul so wrapt in Mary's charms,
I hug my musket in my arms,
So, all of passion, joy and grief,
When comrades bring the glad relief,
I cry thy soldier, haste and see,
Oh come, *sweet Mary* come to me!

Enter LENOX.

Lenox. (*reading a note.*) "I've a great deal to say to you"---and I've a great deal to say to him---Oh! he's here---Well, Sinclair, what's this affair?

Sinclair. Nay, what's your's with me?

Lenox. Come, you tell first.

Sinclair. No, no; you lets hear.

Lenox. Not a word from me till you---

Sinclair. I'm determin'd that you shall---come
I'll not speak 'till---

Lenox. Now I beg you'll---

Both. Then you must know, ha, ha, ha!

Lenox. Why, we're like people in the street giving each other the way; but here I stop, and now you pass on.

Sinclair.

Sinclair. Then, Ned, of all the girls in our town, to me there's none like Mary Tactic.

Lenox. Why, I think she's a most charming pretty soul.

Sinclair. Ay, but I love her.

Lenox. I know I love her.

Sinclair. Oh, you must mistake; its I that adore her.

Lenox. Upon my word you're wrong; for I'm the man that wou'd die for her,

Sinclair. That's as much as to say you'd fight for her.

Lenox. Any man but you.

Sinclair. Why, Lenox! I shou'dn't like to fight you.

Lenox. But any other, I didn't mind how great;---Ay, damme, even the corporal.

Sinclair. Any fellow that dar'd to think of Mary.

Lenox. Do you call me fellow, Jack?

Sinclair. Yes, you're a good fellow.

Lenox. Was it to tell me that you loved Mary Tactic, that you desired me to meet you?

Sinclair. Was your only business but to let me know you lov'd her?

Both. It was.

AIR III.

DUET.—SINCLAIR, LENOX.

LENOX.

I like each girl that I come near

Tho' none I love but Mary;

Oh, she's my darling, only dear,

Bewitching little fairy.

I ask

A COMIC OPERA.

7

I ask a kiss, and she looks down,
Her cheeks are spread with blushes,
By Jove, says I, I'll take the town,
Me back she gently pushes——

I like each girl, &c.

SINCLAIR.

When off 'twas blown, and 'twas my place
To fly for Mary's bonnet,
So charming look'd her lovely face,
There I stood gazing on it.
Dress'd all in white she tripp'd from home,
And set my blood a thrilling,
O, zounds! says I, the French are come,
Sweet Mary look'd so killing.

I like each girl, &c.

LENOX.

When to our Colonel at review
A Duchess cried, so airy!
“How does your Royal Highness do?”
Says I, “I thank you, Mary.”

SINCLAIR.

To quick time, marching to'ther day,
Our fifes play'd Andrew Cary,
To every girl I gave the way,
In compliment to Mary.

I like each girl, &c.

Sinclair. I've a greater regard for you than for
all the men in our regiment put together.

Lenox. I always thought you my friend, and
I'm

I'm certain I'm your's---Let us leave it to Mary's own choice.

Sinclair. Why, true; it's a pity to teize a young woman that can never love one.

Lenox. And it's foolish and ill-natured to stand in the way of another man's happiness, when we can't forward our own by it.

Sinclair. Here she comes; let's ask her in downright English.

Lenox. Done:

[*They retire.*]

Enter MARY.

A I R IV.

M A R Y.

Oh, come away,
Come, my soldier bonny;
I am smart and gay,
But for handsome Johnny:

Ensign pretty doll,
Crimson fash so wrapt in;
Minces, "charming Poll,
"Can you love a Captain?"

Oh, come away, &c.

To his fine Marque,
At the camp, last summer,
He sent for me to tea,
By the little drummer.

Oh, come away, &c.

As

A COMIC OPERA.

9

As I cross parade,
Officers stand blinking ;
Under each cockade,
Sly, an eye cocks winking.
Oh, come away, &c.

Johnny steps in time,
Sweetly play the hautboys ;
Hearts all merry chime,
March, and beat the foe, boys.
Oh, come away, &c.

Mary. Oh, Sinclair, did you see my father ?
Is that Lenox ?

Lenox. (*apart to Sinclair*) Ask her.

Sinclair. No, do you ? (*apart.*)

Lenox. Mary, you know very well, that I
think you a most charming girl.

Mary. Well, that's no fault of mine.

Lenox. No, its no fault—for to be sure you
can't help being the sweetest soul—you're sure
Mary, I love you ; but here's Jack Sinclair says
he does.

Mary. Oh yes ; he told me so.

Lenox. Well ; but didn't I tell you *I loved*
you ?

Mary. Well, and if you do, you can't help
that, you know.

Lenox. We don't want to quarrel, because
that wouldn't be friendly.

Sinclair. No ; 'twou'dn't be like brother sol-
diers ; so, yourself confess which of us you love.

Lenox. Ay, do, Mary, your word shall de-
cide it.

C

Mary.

Mary. Which of you I love ! Upon my honor that's very conceited of you both—a pretty decent sort of confession too for a girl to make ; but certainly was I to marry, I must chuse only one.

Lenox. Ah, but, Mary, wou'd you chuse one of us ?

Mary. Indeed I wou'd.

Lenox. Sweet girl, but which ?

Sinclair. Ay, which, Mary ?

Mary. Well, I will own it, if you'll both promise not go fight sword and pistol up in Hyde-Park, as the officers do.

Sinclair. If you chuse Ned Lenox, may I be whipp'd if I wish him the least ill will.

Lenox. And, my lovely Mary, if you prefer Jack Sinclair to me, if I ever bear him a grudge for it, may I be drum'd out of the regiment.

Mary. Heigho ! it's a severe task, but—

AIR V.

MARY.

When in a garden sweet, I walk,
 The charming flowers admiring,
 Each nods upon its tender stalk,
 And seems my touch desiring.
 Tho' all of beauties are possess'd,
 Too much to be rejected,
 Yet only one, for Mary's breast,
 By fancy is selected.

A COMIC OPERA.

11

Full conscious of thy faith and truth, (*To Lenox.*)

No wrong to thee intended :

Ah ! should I chuse some other youth,

[*Giving her hand to Sinclair.*]

Be not, fond youth, offended. (*To Lenox.*)

The starting tear, the heaving sigh,

True signs, not disregarded ;

But, by a maid, more fair than I,

Oh, be thy love rewarded,

Lenox. (*cordially shakes hands with Sinclair*)
My dear fellow, I give you joy. (*turns and*
wipes his eyes.)

Sinclair. Was it any thing else but Mary, I
cou'd——poor Lenox !

Enter NIPPERKIN, singing.

Nip. Ah, boys ! Jack Sinclair, Ned Lenox,
come from duty at Windsor—Rare changes since
you've been last on the parade !

(*Drum without*)

Lenox. The roll-call. (*looking out.*)

TRIO VI.

LENOX, SINCLAIR, and MARY.

Lenox. Tap beats the dub upon my aching heart,

Sinclair. Sad strikes the sound that bids me hence depart ;

Lenox. Ah ! can I from you stay ?

Sinclair. One kiss and then away.

Mary. Go to your duty, go,

[*Exit Sinclair and Lenox.*]

Mary. Is that to muster the men? For what?

Nip. For what! Why, to draught out a detachment for Holland.

Mary. And do Sinclair and Lenox go?

Nip. To be sure, 'if so their lot be.

Mary. Oh heavens! [Exit hastily.

Enter Serjeant Major TACTIC.

Tactic. (calling) *Mary!* Ay, off to the parade! I see my daughter will have a soldier, but she can't have a better man—you, fir, run after that girl.

Nip. I'm a married man; and mus'nt run after the girls.

Tactic. What, then you're married?

Nip. Yes, fir; and so is my wife, a poor woman, fir—I'm not yet worth quite a plumb, might have made my fortune by marriage, I have had my opportunities among the dear creatures.

AIR VII.

NIPPERKIN.

I.

There was a fine old maiden,
 Prim, slim, and she wore a muff;
 Rich flower'd silks array'd in,
 She went to church, and she there took snuff.
 In love not to flinch,
 I ask'd for a pinch;
 Says I, fine rappee,
 Says she, he, he, he.

She'd

A COMIC OPERA,

13

She'd five grey hairs,
A kifs miss if you please,
I happen'd to sneeze,
Then in her airs,
So highly provok'd,
Tho' her cat I stroak'd,
Loud rattled her tongue,
For her man she rung,
And I was ordered to walk down stairs.

II.

A grand buxom widow bonny,
Fat, squat, but lord what o'that,
She had a pow'r of money,
But no parrot, nor dog, nor cat.
Watch, trinket, and seals,
And rings to her nails,
And before she'd dine,
A glass of tent wine,
She got so gay,
She sung, I bore bob,
And jingled hob nob;
But one curs'd day,
A Captain from Cork,
Spoil'd all my love work;
He gave her a smack,
He gave me a whack,
She chose the Captain, and I walk'd away.

III.

Romping miss at boarding school,
Shuttle cock play and swing so high;
Needle wasn't her working tool,
But knew how to make a nice dirt pye:

She

She cou'd sugar crib,
 And then tell a fib,
 On poney cou'd straddle,
 Nor bridle nor faddle,
 She gallop'd well,
 She cou'd jump down stairs,
 And whistle her prayers,
 But cou'd not spell;
 In silk shoes, slip shod,
 The minuet trod,
 She squalled, parlevoud,
 And swore I was rude;
 I was kick'd out by her Ma'amoiselle.

I'll see if his majorship won't stand a glass of stout punch (*aside.*) Sir, I want to go abroad.

Tactic. Why?

Nip. Because, then I shan't be at home—I've left my wife there.

Tactic. Where?

Nip. Why, death and ounds! at Dorking in Surry.

Tactic. Swear so, you rascal!

Nip. To shew you I'm fit for a soldier.

Tactic. But what are you now?

Nip. Nothing; tho' I *was* every thing—an Auction-porter, Watchman, Town crier, Monmouth-street Pluck-em-in, Playhouse Constable, Dog-stealer—High and Low-life, sir, from Guard of a Stage-coach, to Waiter in a Cyder-cellar—my days have been a round of “past ten o'clock”—“just a going”—“nobody bid more”—“oh yes, this is to give notice”—“pray walk

walk in"—"handsome suit of clothes, fit you nicely"—"take care of your pockets"—*(whistles)* "here, boy!--poor fellow! Ponto, Ponto"---"your pint, fir---champaign, cacka-gay!" *[Imitates blowing a horn.]*

Tactic. So then, friend, you've come off from your wife to turn soldier?

Nip. Why, fir, she vex'd me up into such a passion, that I must beat somebody; so I thought it more honorable to flog the enemies of my country, than the wife of my bosom.

Tactic. But how did she vex you?

Nip. Sir, I love a drop of ale---t'other day, we had a mug---she puts it to her head; "my dear," says I, "stop, the devil is painted at the bottom, and 'twill frighten you if you look on't"---says she "I defy the devil and all his works," and up she puts it---"hold, my love," says I, "you're a bit of a democrat, and it's his Majesty that's painted at the bottom"---"no," says she, "I'm a loyal subject, and I long to see the King's sweet face"---so, again, up went the jug, and the devil a drop she left me in it.

Tactic. Ha, ha, ha! what's your name.

Nip. Nipperkin.---Mr. Nipperkin, fir.

Tactic. Then, Mr. Nipperkin, we'll see if we can't make a soldier of you.

Nip. Oh, fir, that's as easy as making an attorney a rogue, or make this a strong arm, when its already at hand---make a soldier! hem! fir, you do the exercise capital I suppose, he, he, he! shew us a bit---wheel! to the right! stop, fir, till I chalk your arm.

Tactic. Why, do you think I don't know my right from my left?

Nip. do you? (*gravely*) huzza! the serjeant major knows his right hand from his left--- (*capers, balloes and waves his bat.*)

Major. Why, you dog, are you humming me?

Nip. Yes, sir.

AIR VIII.

DUET. TACTIC and NIPPERKIN.

Tactic. March! before great Justice Laro.

Nip. Death and ounds! am I arrested?

Tactic. Sblood! don't fear, my little hero,
'Tis only to be attested.

Nip. Oh! what then, I must take an oath?
Here goes; I swear by Jingó,
I'll not turn foldier, till we both
Together tippie stingo.

Tactic. With all my heart,
We'll take a quart.

Nip. Or bowl of punch. *Both.* That's better.

Nip. But first a slice
Of ham so nice,
For I approve a whetter.

Both. For I approve a whetter.

Tactic. You have but to fail o'er to Holland d'ye see,
And the French kick back into their nation;
Then the Emperor, Stadtholder, Pope, you and me,
Will sit down to a jolly-fication.

Nip. I'm tir'd of kissing old Judy, my wife,
I must have a pair of new lips,
So, when I'm in Holland, upon my life,
I'll be at their fine Dutch tulips.

Both. Then you have but to fail, &c.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE III.*The Parade in St. James's Park.**Enter MARY.*

Mary. No, I can't see any one to give me a true account how they've gone on.

Enter LENOX, (much agitated.)

Oh, well, Lenox, and how? ay, tell us.

Lenox. My unlucky fate! cursed chance.

Mary. Oh! then you are one of them that's draughted to go abroad in all these dangers.

Lenox. And, Mary, do you think it's that, that cou'd have vex'd me so? I see what a mean opinion you have of me---I now don't wonder at your preferring Jack Sinclair to me---you think I'm a cowardly poltroon, that wou'd rather stay at home in idleness, than go out to fight the battles for my King and Country.

Mary. No, indeed, Lenox: I know you've a very good spirit---I didn't mean to disparage you; but I tremble to think of the dreadful slaughter those poor fellows may be exposed to.

Lenox. Dreadful! Isn't it glory?

AIR IX.

LENOX.

I.

Aspiring thoughts my breast expand,

Ah! why to me is given a foul,

Proudly impatient of command,

Yet doom'd by fate to bear controul:

D

Off

Oft at the haughty serjeant's will,
 A poor recruit, thro' chilling morn,
 I've stood for hours the tedious drill,
 Sad object of his blows and scorn.

II.

Nor sunk my youthful spirits then,
 Tho' fierce he poiz'd the dread rattan,
 I thus, when taught to conquer men,
 Suppress'd the feelings of a man;
 And now the harvests warring pride,
 When English triumph, French men yield,
 A useless tool I'm thrown aside,
 Whilst others reap the glorious field.

Enter SINCLAIR.

Sinclair. Oh, my Polly! we must part.

Mary. How!

Sinclair. The lot is cast, and I'm call'd away
 —I must leave you.

Mary. And can you? Oh my love!

Lenox. What then, *you* go? you have the
 upper hand of me in every thing. I must sneak
 about here in the park, like a watchman---my
 marches from Story's gate to the stable yard, and
 all my war's, with the old women to take off their
 pattens; whilst you, led on by your Prince---I
 shall go distracted!

Sinclair. You've little cause to envy me--re-
 flect, I leave Mary, I leave her with you too---
 my rival---with you, that *love*, that deserve her
 so much better than myself.

Enter

Enter NIPPERKIN and TACTIC.

Tactic. Not 'list, you rascal ! after swallowing a bowl of punch ?

Nip. My dear fir, don't be in a passion—I have my reasons for both.

Tactic. Your reasons, you rascal——

Nip. Death and ouns, fir, don't swear---but my reason's I wou'dn't turn a soldier, because I hate fighting ; and I drank up the punch, because I love drinking, that shews that I'm both a safe and a good companion.

Tactic. You're an arch rascal, and I don't know what to make of you ?

Nip. Then I'll tell you what you'd best do, fir.

Tactic. What !

Nip. Give me another bowl, fir, and let me alone.

Tactic. Come, Sinclair, quick---you've but little time to prepare your knapsack.

Mary. (*with emotion*) Dear father, must he go ?

Tactic. To be sure.

Nip. Oh, certainly : he must go and protect us all. Egad, I'm like a minister of state ; whilst I sit at peace at home over my bottle, I send another man out to fight, that I may enjoy it in comfort.

Tactic. Mary, Sinclair and Lenox are honest lads—I know they both love you ; but as the misery or happiness of marriage will chiefly effect you, I leave the choice of a husband entirely to yourself, my girl. If Lenox is the man, love favours him ; but if Sinclair, what he loses in

love, he must make up in honor—give him a kiss, and a few of my best ruffled shirts; and drop a tear, and that affair's settled.

Sinclair. Farewell. (*to Lenox*) adieu! (*to Mary.*)

Mary. Oh! my heart will break! dearest father, can't you get him off?

Tactic. Child, I wish him too well even to attempt it.

Lenox. Jack, don't think me a worthless fellow, tho' I am shov'd aside, and you chosen for the post of honor—'tis only blind fortune has done it; for had she fix'd on me,——

Nip. No bouncing! indeed, I myself once took a French colonel by the nose—To be sure, at the time, I flourished one of Sharp's best patent concaves.

Sinclair. My love, besides your constancy, I rely on the generosity of Lenox; in my absence, don't avoid him; it will be my only comfort to reflect, that I have in England a faithful sweet-heart, and a true friend.

Nip. Hem; (*sings*) "My Poll and my Partner Joe." (*looks archly and significantly at Lenox and Mary.*)

Mary. I don't know what you are; but you are very impudent fellow.

Nip. There you fib, for you know I'm a very impudent fellow.

[*Drum without.*

Rub-a-dub, boys, hey, for Holland!

DUET.

A COMIC OPERA.

21

D U E T.

SINCLAIR and MARY:

Mary. Dear youth, keep this for Mary's sake;
Sinclair. Sweet maid this poor remembrance take; } *They ex-
change
Tokens.*
When rivals tender things shall say,

Oh, look on that and turn away!

Mary. Should rivals win thy witching smile,
Think what thy Mary feels the while.

Sinclair. When bullets whistle in the wind,

My only fear,

My only dear,

Is for my treasure left behind.

Mary. 'Midst warring fields may angels come,

And o'er thy head

Their pinions spread,

Then bring my love in safety home.

*Enter Officers, Soldiers, &c. as prepared for
the March---A variety of other Characters
taking Leave.*

G R A N D C H O R U S.

Our Gracious George, and Charlotte's Son,

'Tis Royal Frederick leads us on.

A I R.

W O M E N.

Britannia fell a shower of piteous tears

To see, (alas!) an hapless Monarch bleed;

The Royal Widow's mournful plaint she hears,

And bids her gen'rous sons revenge the cruel deed.

CHORUS.

To arms, the cries, to save, is now the word,
And 'tis the hand of Mercy draws the sword.

Our Gracious George, and Charlotte's Son,
'Tis Royal Frederic leads us on.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.---Night---The Park near the QUEEN'S
Palace.

LENOX *discovered as Centinel.*

Lenox. Every circumstance turns out so contrary to what might have made my friend Sinclair happy, and perhaps banish for a time the thoughts of Mary from my mind. Since I've no place in Mary's affections, what's in England worth a thought?---I burn, I'm mad with desire to follow my Prince.---But to be left stuck up here like a lamp-post, with an useless musket in my hand---I've a mind to put it to use---*(placing it to his head)*---but my life's not my own---my country yet may want it. For all Sinclair bid me see Mary, what now must he feel, on the reflection that he's left her behind with me?---Tho' I scorn to take advantage of his absence---I'll avoid the sight of her.

A I R.

LENOX.

A maid I love who loves not me,
Yet to my friend is kind;
But thus I'll let my charmer see,
I'm to my fate resign'd.

To

To means as delicate as new,
 Ideas soft ascend ;
 To shew myself a lover true,
 I'll be a lover's friend.

Beat gentle love and friendship sweet,
 In unison divine ;
 In Sinclair still a friend I'll meet,
 And Mary still is mine.

Burn, gen'rous flame within my breast,
 Still constant, bright, and pure ;
 Ah ! let me see another blest,
 And still my pains endure.

Each selfish thought my mind above,
 Be these my joys alone,
 The happiness of those I love
 Preferring to my own.

Beat, gentle love, &c.

Enter NIPPERKIN, drunk, with a small Keg, singing.

Nip. Tol, lol, lol !---Now, If I can get out thro' this same Buckingham Gate——

Lenox. Who goes there ?

Nip. Brandy---(*holding up the keg.*)

Lenox. You'd better give an answer.

Nip. To what ?

Lenox. To me.

Nip. Your question ?

Lenox. I ask'd who went there ?

Nip. Then you ask'd a very silly question,
 when

when you might see it was a brave boy—
Huzza!—the town's our own!

Lenox. Damn your trifling! Give, this instant, a proper answer, or I'll fire—(*presenting.*)

Nip. (*drops on his knees.*) Hold! Zounds, be quiet.—Is that your politeness?—Just under the very nose of the Court?—Fire! and wake the maids of honour—sweet creatures!—that may now be dreaming of the lords in waiting, and white rod, and gold stick, and such other grand affairs.

Lenox. I'm in no jesting humour—Quick, speak!

Nip. 'Sblood! are you deaf?—I'm speaking as quick as I can—Stop!—your firing will be petty-treason—our Gracious Sovereign may be at this moment in a sweet dream, that one of her beloved fons, her gallant Frederick, is returning crown'd with Laurels.

Lenox. And I no hand in placing them on his brow!—By heavens I'll not stay—I'll follow the detachment, tho' they shoot me for a deserter—Hold!—this fellow may—why, it's Nipperkin—(*looking.*)

Nip. Didn't I tell you it was a brave boy; yet you wou'dn't believe me, and be damn'd to you!—after getting so nobly drunk, to frighten me back into sobriety! and so I've now all to do over again. Why, dam'me, you don't mind what trouble you give a poor man—(*knocks with his knuckles against the keg*)—Are you within?—Very well—I'll be with you, or you shall be with me.

Lenox. Where were you going?

E

Nip.

Nip. To the college—my father is a Chelsea pensioner; and about once a quarter, like a dutiful son, I bring the honest gentleman a little brandy and tobacco, and such other nice dainties, to comfort his old soul—Oh, Lenox!

Lenox. You're right to be kind to your father—Give me your coat.

Nip. "Kind to my father!"—"Give me your coat!"—That's very odd talk at this time of night.

Lenox. You take this—Quick!—(*They change cloaths.*)

Nip. I fancy I look better in the King's coat than the King wou'd look in mine—(*struts about.*)

Lenox. Give me your hat.

Nip. Sir, take your's off the block—(*pointing to Lenox's head, and bowing.*)

Lenox. (*Gives him his musket*)—There; now stand you in my place.

Nip. Did ever I think I shou'd have a place at Court?—"Who goes there?"—(*presents at Lenox*)—Speak, or, dam'me, I'll fire!—I'm in no jesting humour—talk! or I'll blow your brains over the canal, thro' the Horse-Guards, cross the way to Whitehall, into the lottery-wheels.

Lenox. Silence! (*aside.*) The royal and affectionate parents send a darling son to face the perils of war, assert his country's honour!—What Englishman wou'dn't follow the illustrious example—Hush! not a word. [*Exit with caution.*]

Nip. Now that fellow is gone to commit a robbery in my coat, and I shall get hang'd for it: The gate's shut, and I can't get out to give

my poor father his drop—Then I must give it to his poor son—*(takes up the keg and drinks)*—I'll smoke a pipe too—*(sits on the keg)*—Well, he didn't take my match, and my bottle of phosphorus—*(takes out a pipe, fills, lights, sits on the keg and smokes.)*—If my wife was here now, I shou'dn't have all this sport to myself—*(rises, takes up the keg and drinks)*—my chair produces good table drink.

A I R XII.

NIPPERKIN.

A glafs is good, and a las is good,
And a pipe to smoke in cold weather;
The world is good, and the people are good,
And we're all good fellows together.

A bottle it is a very good thing,
With a good deal of good wine in it;
A song is good, when a body can sing,
And to finish, we must begin it.

A table is good, when spread with good chear,
And good company fitting round it;
When a good way off, we're not very near,
And for sorrow the devil confound it.

A glafs is good, &c.

A friend is good, when you're out of good luck,
For that's a good time to try him;
For a Justice good, the haunch of a buck,
With such a good present you buy him,

A fine old woman is good when she's dead,

A rogue very good for good hanging;

A fool is good, by the nose to be led,

My good song deserves a good banging.

A glass is good, &c.

But it's getting cool here, *il fresco*. I'll step into my parlour—[*takes up the keg, and goes into the centry-box, sits and falls asleep.*]

Enter MARY.

Mary. As my dear lover said, there can't be the least danger in paying some attention to poor Lenox whilst he's away. He took on so at my refusing him, and the loss of his comrade, that I know he hasn't eat a morsel this blessed day. He has a tender and an honest heart, and sure no harm for me to try if I can comfort him.—The Park's got so still, he may eat and drink some'at, as I'm sure he wo'nt come to me when he's reliev'd.—Lenox!—(*goes towards the box, calling softly*)—Oh! my heavens! if he isn't fallen asleep, and here's the corporal coming!—(*looking down the walk*)—If he's caught so—Lenox!—(*calls.*)

Nip. (*Speaking in his sleep*)—"Take care of your pockets."

Mary. Get up.

Nip. "Past four o'clock!"

Mary. Sure he's been drinking to drive away his sorrows. Rise! Here's the guards!

Nip. Pray walk in, fir—I've a pretty coat will just fit you.

Enter

Enter CORPORAL, and Guards.

Corporal. Eh! Sleep on your post! Holloa! Centry! Here'll be rare flogging work; take his arms! drag him up!

Nip. Fine cloudy morning!

Corporal. Av, dam'me, it will be a fine cloudy morning with you, peeping through the iron bars.

Mary. Dear Mr. Corporal—

Corporal. Is that Miss Mary Tactic?

Mary. You know Lenox is a good foldier, and should be excused if he's a bit overtaken, consider, taking leave of his comrades; you know he's so well belov'd, and such a temptation—then his spirits in such a state, a very little liquor might have intoxicated—

Nip. (asleep)—That dogskin will make a pair of pumps,

Corporal. My skin!—You'll see what the drummer will make of your dogskin.

Mary. Pray, don't inform the commanding officer.

Corporal. Why, Miss Mary, you know it's not in my power to save him, if, as you say, he's brought to court-martial for this.

Mary. His royal highness is good and merciful;—I'm sure he'd consider so excellent a soldier as Lenox—Now, do let the poor fellow come to his senses, and say nothing of it.

Corporal. But then I shou'd be punished myself, Miss—Must give him up—Take him to the Savoy,

Mary. Unhappy creature;—and yet I'm ashamed of Lenox.—However, I'll make my father

father use all his interest for his pardon. How have I been deceived in him! and how fortunate that my heart wasn't caught by his kind and obliging manners.—He loved me—he is Sinclair's friend, and therefore has a right to my assistance. *[Exit.]*

Corporal. Why, he wou'd stand a better chance of mercy from his royal highness—his sentence here might be death.—I'll pretend not to know but he's one of the draughts that has staid behind; and to colour it, I'll neither see nor talk to him; but at day-break, a guard shall take him to Greenwich time enough before the men embark,

CATCH XIII.

CORPORAL, NIPPERKIN, and Soldiers.

Corp. Rare rattling boys, don't let your pris'ner go
I desire,

For fudling souls, the Savoy—ho!

Nip. I'm Captain Muz.—(All.) Are you so?

Corp. Hark ye, 'squire!

I'm Corporal Squib,

1. I'm Fifer Bob,

2. I'm Drummer Dob,

3. I'm Natty Jack,

4. I'm Paddy Whack,

5. I'm Darby Drill,

6. I'm Roving Will,

7. I'm Nimble Nick,

8. I'm a Good Stick,

9. I'm Devil Dick —Zounds! what's your name?

Nip. "Past four o'clock!"—(All.) We'll make you tame!
S'blood and fire!

Drink, soldiers, drink, and bear no blame. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Road near the Water-side.

Enter LENOX *in* NIPPERKIN'S *Cloaths, and*
Capt. CRUIZER.

Capt. No such thing, friend.

Lenox. Do, dear, good, worthy sir, let me go on board your tender.

Capt. But for what?

Lenox. To partake of the glorious expedition of my comrades.

Capt. Your comrades!—Ay, what, are you a foldier?

Lenox. (*confused*)—Yes—sir—no—I am—

Capt. If a foldier, and not one of the drafted men, what brings you to Greenwich? and if you belong to the detachment, why out of your regimentals, and not with your corps?

Lenox. Sir, I am as yet, only in with a foldier—I said “my comrades,” because I’m acquainted with a number of the men; and I’ve conceived such a friendship for some of the honest fellows, that I can’t turn my head to any business, with the grief of being separated from them—only let me go, and you’ll see how I’ll fight.

Capt. But do you know the cause?

Lenox. Humanity.—To stop the ravages of war abroad, secure the blessings of peace, commerce, plenty and happiness at home to Old England, where a good king is the common
parent

parent—every man captain of his castle, and the laws to protect his property, wife and children. Frenchmen give Britons freedom!—But huzza!—we'll pluck Sprigs of Laurel from their Tree of Liberty.

A I R XIV.

L E N O X.

The goddess of mountains, blythe, rosy and free,
As the airs that flew round her, had once a fair tree;
'Twas Liberty call'd, and a fav'rite of Jove,
And sweet was the fruit to the bright queen of Love;
In Albion 'twas planted, its branches spread wide,
Of her sons and her daughters the glory and pride.

Tranquil pleasures,

Softest measures,

Then lead the dance, and give Britons to sing,

Loving, loyal,

Good and royal,

A people happy, and honour'd their king.

II.

Our sly gallic neighbours peep'd into our grounds,
And fain would have scal'd the white wall that furrounds,
They long'd for our tree, when its beauties were known,
But missing their aim, would have one of their own;
For this, in poor France, a vile bramble takes root,
Each leaf is a poinard, and bitter the fruit.

Pity sleeping,

Angels weeping,

Saw the fierce savage triumph o'er men;

Justice firing,

All inspiring,

To drive the tyger back into his den.

Capt.

Capt. Well, my lad, I must say I admire your spirit, and I'm sorry we can't take you; but undisciplin'd recruits won't do.---The nature of the service we're order'd on, requires pick'd men.

Lenox. There's a boat now going off---By heavens I will get aboard. [*Exit hastily.*]

Capt. By heavens you shall not tho'---Holloa!
---Stop that fellow---keep him out of the boat.

Enter SERJEANT.

Serjeant. Sir, his Royal Highness's aid-du-camp wou'd speak with you.

Capt. I come.---(*Exit SERJEANT.*)---Something in this young fellow that strikes me exceedingly---(*looks out*)---No---the boat's gone without him, and there he walks melancholy away; and intimate with the foldiers!---Might perhaps have given me some clue to discover my son.---I begin now to despair; for if my boy is still in any of those regiments, he must have chang'd his name.

Re-enter SERJEANT.

Serjeant. Sir---

Capt. Oh, true.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter MARY.

Mary. The coming spring begins to make the country look delightful---The sweetest season approaching, that even the birds join in love---and my love to leave me!

F

AIR

AIR XV.

MARY.

Sing, charming warblers! voice of love!

The dulcet song

Now pours along,

For love can harmonize the grove.

Bid balmly zephyrs gently bear

The liquid notes thro' yielding air.

*Re-enter Capt. CRUIZER.**Capt.* Those men loiter along the road---(*looks out.*)*Mary.* Oh, your honour, I hope his Highness isn't yet gone over to the ship!*Capt.* Eh! What, my las, do you, too, want to go and pull Sprigs of Laurel?*Mary.* No, sir;---but it's about a young man, a soldier-----*Capt.* The devil's in the foldiers for bringing the women after them---You're a modest, pretty looking thing---you foolish jade, what business have you with the young men?---Take your snivelling good-bye on shore---no petticoats come on board my ship.---I advise you, child, to modesty and discretion; for your own forwardness and folly contribute as often to the ruin of innocents, as the base arts of villainous seduction. [*Exit.*]*Mary.* I believe that gentleman means well; but he shou'd have known who he was talking to---and even then, sweet and welcome is the gentle monitor! for what we listen to with pleasure,
5 / sure,

sure, we follow with delight.---I may chance to see my Sinclair again before he goes---I know he'll conquer; and when he returns---Oh! such a garland as I'll make him!---Aye, and he shall wear it too.

AIR XVI.

MARY.

Fragrant chaplets quaintly twining,

Thro' the fingers of the fair;

Ev'ry grace and sweet combining,

For the soldier's brow prepare.

Gift of Venus, blushing, glowing,

Let the lovely rose be seen;

And the Laurel, Mars bestowing,

Make the wreath an evergreen.

Oh! Lud!---if here isn't Sinclair and my father.

Enter MAJOR and SINCLAIR.

Tattic. Zounds! how often will they halt?---
Sinclair! Why do you run before the rank?

Sinclair. Don't you see my attraction?---Oh!
my love!---(*embraces Mary.*)

Tattic. Mary!---Now, girl, what has bewitched you to follow us?

Sinclair. My lovely, faithful soul! don't be angry with her.

AIR XVII.

SINCLAIR.

Parted from thee, my ev'ry bliss,
My only joy, the parting kiss;
So sweet! and yet so scant a store,
I languish'd to return for more.

And art thou come, and dost thou bring
The source whence thousand raptures spring?
Oh let me press those lips again,
Thus parting, ever thus remain.

Mary. Oh! I've something to tell you about
Lenox---he is---(*drum, fife, music, and shouts
without.*)

Tactic. The men on their march---Get you
out of their way, child---you'll see us at Green-
wich.---(*Shouts without.*)

[*Exit Mary.*

*Enter Officers, Soldiers, &c. accompanied and
followed by a number of People. All cross,
with shouting, drums, and martial music.*

AIR XVIII.

SINCLAIR.

Sound trumpets! hard tasks to a soldier belong,
'Midst dreadful alarms,
The man to destroy who has done him no wrong,
Thus sounding to arms.

Hoarse

Hoarse echo brawls to the loud double drum,
 With come to fate come;
 Let justice the soldiers bold quarrel ordain,
 Tho' dyed all in blood he's yet free from a stain;
 Then the battle not cease,
 'Tis for glory, for peace.

Exeunt all but Sinclair and Tactic.

Sinclair. Oh, sir, I've a dreadful boding of Mary's business.

Tactic. Something about Lenox.

Sinclair. I see it---he's been base and treacherous; and for all that, he seemingly resigned her: no sooner was my back turned, than he has dared to renew his addresses.

Tactic. Plague of your nonsensical love and jealousy---mind your duty, run on and fall into your rank (*pushes him off*) with their sweethearts and friends, and stuff! I wish we had them all safe on board---some reasons tho' in Sinclair's suspicions! I had a good opinion of Lenox---but this violent friendship of your young folks, all a feather---give me an old friend,

AIR XIX.

MAJOR TACTIC:

Midst flaunting shrubs in vernal green,
 Each finer than his fellow,
 A venerable oak I've seen,
 Well clad in sober yellow,

Whilst

Whilst wint'ry winds cou'd blow around,
 Their leaves all helter-skelter,
 Poor birds within his branches fownd,
 An hospitable shelter.

In life's gay spring too oft' we find
 The buds of soft affection,
 Scarce knit, when blown by ev'ry wind,
 In this and that direction.

Oh, come, thou friend, that can'st endure,
 The shocks of roughest weather;
 Frank, chearful, honest and mature,
 We'll live; ay, die together. [Exit.

SCENE III.

*Before Greenwich Hospital---View of the Thames
 ---Tender at Anchor, and boats with soldiers
 crossing to it.*

*Enter George Streamer, attended by eight men-of-
 wars-men, with their oars.*

Officers and Soldiers.

Streamer. Chearly my boys, clear the gangway
 there! here's another boatful---we'll bring you
 gentlemen of the red cloth along-side of the
 Frenchmen; I hope 'twill soon be our turn to
 take a spell at that work. We have a Prince too
 to lead us on---oh dam'me! how I long to pow-
 der their toupees,

AIR

AIR XX.

STREAMER.

I.

I'm here or there a jolly dog,
 At land or sea, I'm all a-gog,
 To fight or kifs or touch the grog,
 For I'm a jovial midshipman,
 A smart young midshipman,
 A little midshipman,
 To fight or kifs or touch the grog,
 Oh I'm a jovial midshipman,

II.

My honour's free from stain or speck,
 The foremast-men are at my beck,
 With pride I walk the quarter-deck, (*takes off his hat*)
 For I'm a smart young midshipman, &c.

III.

I mix the pudding for our mess,
 In uniform then neatly drefs;
 The captain asks, (no need to prefs,)
 Come, dine with me, young midshipman, &c.

IV.

When Royal William comes on board,
 By England's Navy all ador'd,
 From him, I sometimes pass the word,
 Tho' I'm an humble midshipman, &c.

[*Exeunt with sailors, &c. into the boat.*]

Enter

Enter TACTIC and MARY.

Tactic. Lenox in this cursed hobble?---An ugly job, faith!

Mary. Father, won't you make the Duke forgive him?

Tactic. I make Dukes forgive People! what does the girl take me for?

Enter SINCLAIR, (greatly agitated.)

Sinclair. My beloved Mary, tell me this affair that brought you? ay, well, as I was gone, Lenox——

Mary. Oh! he is——

Sinclair. A villain!

Mary. How!

Tactic. Be quiet---you wronged him in the love business---egad, poor Lenox has something else now to think of! Oh, yes, he'll be shot.

Sinclair. Who! fir! Mary, what has he done?

Mary. Is it possible! I had no idea that his life was in danger.

Sinclair. What's his crime, and where is he now?

Tactic. He has slept on his guard, and he is now in irons at the Savoy.

Enter Capt. CRUIZER.

Capt. Bring him along, an obstinate young scoundrel!

Tactic. What's the matter, fir.

Capt. A blockhead that I've refused to take on board, jumps into the river, swims over to the ship; and there he's been found hiding himself

self behind a hen-coop. A brave fellow—but we shou'd frighten him a little.

Enter LENOX, in custody of soldiers and sailors.

So, you wou'dn't take my word for it; but now you shall give an account of yourself before his Highness.

Sinclair. Why, it's Lenox?

Tattic. One of the guards, sir.

Capt. Indeed! hold him in custody. [*Exit.*

Mary. Ah! Sinclair, doesn't your heart bleed for your unhappy friend?

Tattic. Why, how the devil did you shake off your irons and escape from the Savoy?

Lenox. Major, I never was disgrac'd with irons, or in a jail.

Tattic. Zounds! Mary, what story's this you've been telling us? Oh! I see it's all a flam, an excuse for her coming after us to Greenwich, and taking another parting kiss with your sweet-heart.

Mary. (*cries*) Indeed, father, I don't know what you mean; Lenox, now, has got other cloaths on—but I'm sure I saw him taken into custody, prisoner, by the Corporal---Think me ---(*sobs*) so---artful---as---to---invent stories ---only---to---compass---my---own---pleasure! (*sobs*).

Sinclair. Nay, my love, don't weep---your father cannot suppose---

Enter CORPORAL.

Corp. Well, Miss Mary, to oblige you, I've ordered Lenox to be brought before the Duke himself---oh! yonder they bring him.

G

Tattic.

Taetic. Why, corporal, you're drunk too;--- here they've brought him already.

Corp. I drunk! let me tell you, Major, I can be as sober on my duty, as any man.

Taetic. Why, did you pull him from behind the hen coop?

Corp. Hen-coop! Oh! you have been taking your drops! I say, I found *Lenox* on his guard most damnably disguised.

Taetic. Well, you may find him there, disguised. (*points to Lenox*)

Lenox. You found me drunk! why, corporal, what's the matter with you?

Corp. (*staring at Lenox*) 'Tis *Lenox*! then who the devil have we got pris'ner yonder!

Nipperkin (*without.*)

"Past four o'clock!"

Enter Nipperkin (*guarded.*)

Taetic. Why, it's the joking rascal, who cajol'd me out of the bowl of punch.

Lenox. *Nipperkin*! Oh! I see how this has been.

Nip. I'll have justice---they took my keg. (*looks at Lenox*) What, then you have been doing it? I thought so---and taken---I desire he mayn't be hang'd in my coat.

Enter Capt. CRUIZER.

Nipperkin talks apart to sailors.

Capt. (*To Lenox*) Young man, I've laid your case before his Royal Highness---tho' your quitting your post was a crime that demands, from military discipline, a severe punishment, yet in

consideration of your laudable motive, a brilliant example of noble ardour for your country's honor, he not only pardons you, but from your high character as an excellent soldier, presents you with this purse.

Nip. A purse for only swimming to---by the lord, I once swam from Chelsea-reach to Batter-sea bridge---give me---

Capt. Nipperkin! why, who made a soldier of you? here, my lad! (*offering the purse*)

Nip. A hen-coop! zounds, to smuggle myself into a fight I'd hide behind a mouse-trap.

Lenox. I humbly thank his Highness---pardon is the utmost grace I cou'd hope for; my friend (*to Sinclair*) you have never disobeyed orders---a more finished soldier, on the eve of being married too---and the Prince's bounty will be applied to a better purpose in contributing additional comforts to an amiable woman. (*gives purse to Sinclair.*)

Nip. Zounds! they won't let me be generous---nobody'll give me purses to give away to poor families.

Lenox. Sir, if I am only suffered but to go with my Prince, some future event may offer an occasion, really to signalize myself, and by merit win a reward, of which I am now totally unworthy

Capt. A liberal minded fellow, faith! So, my lass, is this your soldier laddie?

Mary. Oh, no, sir---I grant he deserves---ay, the most beautiful lady---but here's my humble choice.

Sinclair. Humble indeed! yet I have reason to be proud with the friendship of Lenox, and the love of Mary.

Nip. Captain, lend me a guinea, I'll tell you a secret.

Capt. You drunken scoundrel, I'll break your head.

Nip. Well, I can't return the compliment till you get one to break. (*aside*) This boy's generosity has so wrought upon my heart, that I can't bear he should longer remain in this obscure wretchedness --hearky (*to Lenox*) down on your knees to the codger. (*points to the Captain*)

Lenox. What do you mean?

Nip. Oh! what is this world come to! I bid a son ask his father's blessing, and he says holloa! death and ouns, what do you mean?

Capt. Son! this——

Lenox. How!

Nip. I tell you, that's the boy in the basket, the child of charity, the prentice to—Mr. Darumple, the fiddle-case maker; the private soldier, that for glory prefers a French bullet to an English plumb-pudding.

Lenox. Sir, my birth has been a mystery—and is it thus explained?

Capt. It must be the deserted son---

Nip. Of an abandon'd father.

Capt. Nipperkin, you're now privileged—The service you've rendered me by this discovery---my boy a brave soldier!---must make a good officer.

Lenox. Sir, my highest ambition is now to partake the glories of the enterprize as a private, for if I am to be honour'd with promotion, I'll first, with the heart, hand and ardour of a British Soldier, endeavour to deserve it.

FINALE.

FINALE.

SINCLAIR.

Till to your cliffs we turn our face,
Old England be a merry place;
To pipe and fiddle, jig a-pace,
Whilst we take hence our drumming;

But if we finish the campaign,
With wooden leg, or golden chain,
We'll march, or hop to you again,
You, sing, our boys are coming.

CHORUS.

Till to your cliffs, &c.

MARY.

Ye warriors, from my soldier fly,
The lightnings flash his beaming eye;
Beneath his conqu'ring sword ye die,
If to the fight ye dare him.

When you my love to battle go, [To Sinclair.
Your foot upon the vanquish'd foe,
Your arm rais'd high, to give the blow,
For his lov'd sweetheart, spare him.

Till to your cliffs, &c.

NIEPERMIN.

I'm given much to knock and kill,
This war was made against my will;
Some like to fight, but I'll sit still,
And talk in coffee houses;

But

SPRIGS OF LAUREL:

But if I took it in my head,
 By cutting throats to get my bread,
 In most newspapers might be read,
 My mighty kicks and douces.
 Till to your cliffs, &c.

LENOX.

But grateful hearts we hence must bear,
 For all those noble British Fair,
 Who take into their gen'rous care,
 Dear pledges left behind us,

You to protect, the pow'rful charm,
 That fires the soul and nerves the arm,
 Whilst patriots zeal our bosoms warm,
 Such duties ever bind us.
 Till to your cliffs, &c.

TACTIC.

We go brave lads at honour's call,
 To check the proud, the ruthless Gaul,
 Let Britains's thunder now appal,
 And bid him think on Cressy.

GEORGE.

I'll weigh for Holland, with a cheer,
 And when I've help'd my friend Mynheer,
 I'll round for bonny Plymouth steer,
 And buss Poll, Sall, and Bessy.

Till to your cliffs, &c.

1st. ENSIGN.

You Wolfs and Elliots all repair,
 Great Britain's standard, lo! I bear;
 My colours flaping in the air,
 His Majesty was donor.

2d. ENSIGN.

A COMIC OPERA.

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2d. ENSIGN.

And, ladies, do not think I jest,
My courage when put to the test,
For your dear sakes I'll fight my best,
I will, upon my honor.

Till to your cliffs we turn our face,
Old England be a merry place ;
To pipe and fiddle, jig a-pace,
Whilst we take hence our drumming.



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